Miss Ruth E. Springa
Brownsville, Ont.
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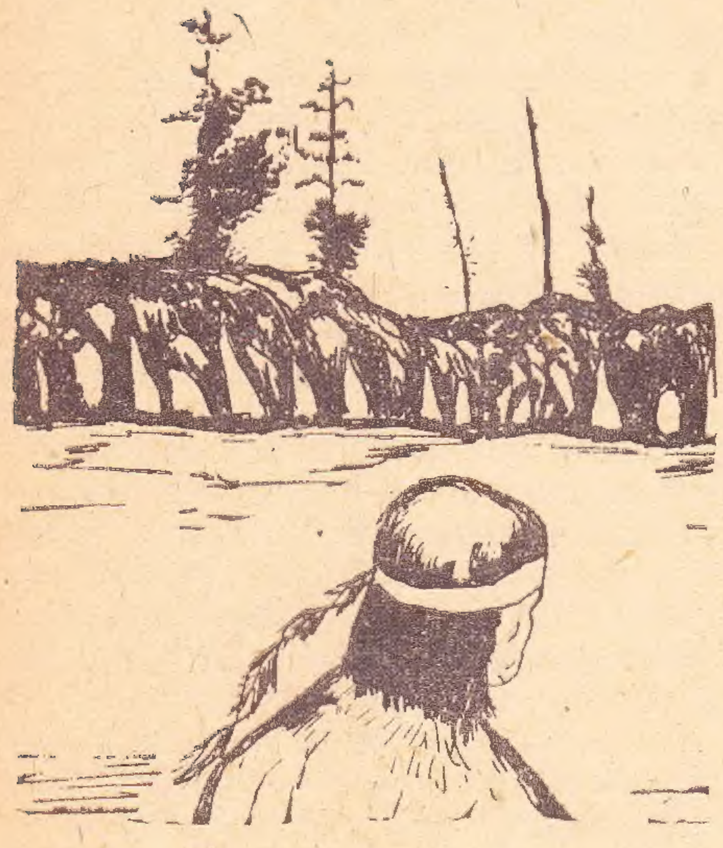
Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, APRIL 19, 1940. | 77th Year.

# River Partners

By C. F. Bodsworth

For the Messenger.



ALEX BENTON, paddling in canoe fashion from the bow of his row-boat, skilfully dodged a floating pan of ice that surged by, and turned the craft in towards the bank with a single deft twist of his wrist. He gazed beneath an overhanging section of bank at the muskrat trap he had set there two days before, then frowned, biting his lip. The trap was sprung and turned upside down. No rat tracks led to it. This was the work of some other jealous trapper.

Alex reset the trap, then with lips pressed tightly together in sullen anger paddled on upstream. Spring came late to the northwoods. It was early April, but still the waters of the Lawandron River were a treacherous maze of sharp-edged ice pans plunging with the current downstream. Two days ago was the first day that he could get a boat on the river to set his traps, yesterday he had set along the lake, and today he was back covering his river traps again.

* * *

IT was the fourth trap he had found that afternoon which had been sprung or disturbed by someone else. One of the traps had been pulled from the chain stake and was missing altogether. And here in the north where the young fellows relied a great deal on money earned from the early spring rat trapping, touching someone else's trap set was a serious offence. Alex's frown grew sterner, deep back in those black eyes a glint of determination shone for a second and then was gone as rapidly as it had appeared.

"Bet it was John Appletree," Alex muttered to himself. "Just because his Indian parents and grandparents lived here before there were any whites around he thinks he owns the river."

John, the Indian youth, seemed to think that the Lawandron was his own private trapping grounds. For two years now he had been tormenting Alex with his annoying tricks and trying to run Alex off the Lawandron.

* * *

IT had been his last muskrat trap on the river and now he was heading upstream towards a mink set he had placed. High water with its swift current and rafts of ice made paddling hard, but Alex reached the location of the mink set in about three quarters of an hour. He swung around a bend in the stream, the last bend this side of the trap; then his tall frame jerked suddenly erect, paddle held motionless in the middle of a stroke. There was another boat and trapper beside Alex's mink trap. Alex knew that he was a trapper, for he paddled from the bow just as Alex did; all the river trappers paddled from that position, for it let them run their boats close to the bank without forcing them to remove an oar from the oar locks as they would have to do when rowing. Alex gazed at the trapper. Black hair, dark brown features . . . yes, it was John Appletree.

He moved upstream slowly, his paddle blade silent in the rushing water. But the ripples of current slapping against the boat's bow created a gurgling whisper of sound. Alex was still several boat lengths away when the Indian youth heard his approach. John Appletree turned quickly and stared in amazement at Alex. Alex's boat leaped forward, propelled by three or four deep thrusts of the paddle, then the gunwales of the two crafts rubbed together. The trappers faced each other, eyes glaring.

* * *

JOHN had just taken a mink from the trap. He had laid it in the bottom of his boat with three muskrats.

"That mink belongs to me," Alex stated.

For several seconds John did not reply. He stared back, a sheepish expression on the swarthy lines of his brown face.

"This is my trap," the Indian youth said, then shifted his eyes quickly from the path of Alex's grim stare.

"It's mine," Alex repeated. "You know it isn't your trap, and those four traps that you left sprung down-river weren't yours either."

"It is my trap," John declared doggedly. "But if you want we will draw straws to see who claims the mink."

John reached over to the river bank and plucked two grass stems. He arranged them in his hand so that the tips protruded from his fist and the butt ends were hidden beneath his fingers.

"One of these straws is a short one, less than an inch long," he said, "and if you draw it you can have the mink. If you draw the long one, the mink is mine."

Alex disagreed.

"The mink is mine anyway," he repeated.

But John, true to his redskin breed, stood stubbornly by his statement that the trap was his own. Alex became exasperated, finally he gave in.

"Okay," Alex said, "I draw straws this time, but I'm warning you, John; if I ever catch you touching my traps again there's going to be a river war on the Lawandron."

Alex reached forward, drew one of the straws that John held out to him. It was a long straw.

"There, are you satisfied?" the Indian youth asked sarcastically. "That proves the mink was mine."

John Appletree took Alex's straw and tossed the grass stems into the air. The wind caught them and they lit on the stern seat of the Indian's boat. Alex swung his boat around and set out back downstream.

* * *

NEXT day Alex took five muskrats from his traps along the lakeshore and then two days after the straw-drawing incident he was back on the river again. He had been on the trap route for about three hours, had taken four rats and had not seen any sign of John or where the Indian had touched his traps. The upper rat trap gave another muskrat to make his day's catch number five then Alex set out on the long paddle further upstream to the mink set.

Half an hour later he rounded the last bend that put him in sight of the little rivulet where the mink trap was set. Alex gazed ahead, just as he had that afternoon two days before, and again his tall, youthful frame grew rigid, teeth clenching together in a storm of sullen rage. John Appletree was back pilfering the trap again. The Indian boy had probably been just a half mile or so ahead of Alex on the river all day and the fact that mink pelts were much more valuable than rats had lured him upstream to Alex's trap for the second time.

Alex put all his strength behind the paddle as he pressed forward in a spurt of speed towards the Indian's boat. This time John did not see him approaching. John was bent intently over the trap, and Alex could see that he was removing another mink. "I'll surprise him," Alex thought, and strained harder at the paddle.

* * *

BUT Alex ceased paddling suddenly. John was still bent over the trap and he failed to see the huge ice pan that was hurtling downstream towards his boat. The sheet of ice, almost half the width of the river, was being whipped downstream by the swift flood-water current. Alex yelled, calling out a warning to the Indian youth. But John Appletree remained crouched forward over the side of the boat. He did not hear Alex's call above the roar of the high swift water in the river. The ice pan shot forward, seeming to travel at a greater speed as it drew nearer. The white line of foam it pushed in front of it was only a few boat-lengths ahead of John now. Alex turned his boat out to midstream so that the huge pan would miss him.

## Puppy-Dog

There's a slipper in the cupboard
That is soft, and colored gay,
Just the very nicest thing with which
A puppy dog could play.
It's shakeable and tearable.
It's very nice to chew,
And what else is there, tell me,
For a puppy-dog to do?

There's a pear tree in the garden,
'Neath which the grass grows green,
And there a puppy-dog can dig
And he will not be seen;
Just the very place for burying
The slipper with his bone—
A little secret treasure
For a puppy-dog alone.

There's a tool shed in the garden
With the garden tools inside.
And there a little puppy-dog
Can creep away and hide.
Cuddled close behind the flower-pots
He can cry and none will hear;
Oh, it's hard to be a puppy
With an angry master near!

—Nora O'Brien in
(Edinburgh Scotsman).

With a loud crash of splintering wood the ice cut into the side of John's row-boat. The boat rolled; for a second Alex saw the huge hole gaping in its bottom and side, and then the Indian pitched overboard into the icy water and the boat settled back onto an even keel. A tree branch protruding out over the river caught the boat and held it fast. John Appletree sank below the surface and before he rose again the large block of ice had covered the spot. Alex watched, breathless. Would a jagged obstruction on the lower surface of the ice catch John's body and hold him under water as the pan sped on downstream?

The suspense did not last long, for a few moments later the Indian youth bobbed up along the upper edge of the ice pan. The ice floated on and left John struggling in midstream. He was still above Alex's position, but the current was sweeping him downstream rapidly. Alex paddled frantically to get his boat across current to a position where he could grab at the Indian trapper as the current whipped him past.

A small sheet of ice came down, tossing on the wavelets of the river. John's floating body lay right in its path. No, Alex thought, the ice would miss him. But a side whirl of current caught at the ice sheet, sucked it under for a second. Then it bobbed up, whisked downstream for a few feet and dashed against John's head. Alex saw the Indian's eyes close and jaw sag in unconsciousness. Parts of his body still showed above water but his head went down below the surface. Alex paddled briskly. Suddenly he realized that he was too late. He could not get his boat across the current in time to intercept the Redskin boy. John was still a boat-length or two upstream above Alex.

* * *

ALEX rose quickly in his boat. He kicked off his big rubber boots, threw the mackinaw coat from his shoulders, and jumped onto the middle seat. The current was carrying John's body past then as Alex dove. Icy water closed in around him, but he struck out swimming even before he had come to the surface. The cold made his breath come in gasps. But he had gauged his diving distance accurately. A few hasty strokes put him within reaching distance of John. He grasped the Indian's coat collar, drew him alongside and held his head above water. The current tugged at him; John was only a dead weight, which provided an added drag for the current to catch. Alex held him with one arm and fought out against the river with his other arm and legs. Twice a surge of water washed over them and both times Alex thought he would have to give up and strike out for the bank alone. But each time he gritted his teeth and kicked out harder than ever with his feet. It might have been only a minute or two but it seemed like half an hour before his feet touched on the muddy bottom near the edge of the stream. He dragged John out onto a sandy stretch of beach and then sank exhausted beside him.

John had taken little water into his lungs and he regained consciousness soon after Alex got him onto the bank. The Indian lad sighed once or twice, then rolled over onto his elbow, eyes opened. He noticed Alex's wet clothing immediately.

"You dove in after me?" he asked.

Alex nodded. John stared at him, open-mouthed, and sat up quickly. For a minute John was silent, staring out at the floating cakes of ice that were plunging by on their mad dash downstream. Wonder what he's thinking about, Alex thought. Then the Indian lad turned to Alex.

"After the way I've been treating you that was kind of a funny thing to do, wasn't it? Risking your life like that." John asked.

"Maybe," Alex replied, "but I don't know."

Again there was silence, more embarrassing than the first. John stared out over the river and appeared to be thinking deeply. Finally Alex broke silence.

* * *

"DON'T you think that you and I should be partners instead of trying to run each other off the Lawandron," Alex suggested.

For a second a trace of a smile flicked across John's face, his eyes lit up, and

(Please turn to Page 12.)

# Why Do We Tap Trees?

By BEATRICE CURL

(For the Messenger.)

SUCH a question, when everyone knows how good maple syrup is! And what sweet-tooth could refuse maple sugar? The maple sugar manufacture from the sap is a commercially important article, particularly in Vermont, New York and Canada.

Only those who have lived in vicinities of the sugar bush know the excitement that the news "sap's running" creates. The tapping of the maple trees and the sugaring-off are outdoor tasks holding keen delight and interest, especially to the young people.

In the pioneer days, tapping the trees was an event as well as a pleasant task. A crude trough stuck in a hole that had been bored in the trunk of the tree. What a task it was to empty all the sap buckets. If the bush was well cleared, the buckets were emptied into a barrel that was pulled along either on a stone-boat or small sleigh, and it was usually the oldest and quietest horse that was trusted with this important task. The barrels were lifted off and placed in a shelter built for the purpose. When the barrels were full, or the sap 'run' over, and the run depended greatly on the weather, then came the boiling down in huge kettles.

Nowadays all this is done with modern scientific equipment and on a much larger scale.

But when our great-grandfathers made syrup there was scope for lots of individuality on the job. The "shanty" was sometimes a make-shift, where the person who was in charge of the tapping camped until the job was done, and each had their own special way of testing the syrup. The maple sugar was often the only sugar that the pioneer knew, or could obtain.

The walnut was in pioneer times tapped for the sap and sugar, but the walnut wood is so expensive now that the owners of a walnut grove would not ruin the wood of a tree for a few pounds of sugar.

* * *

THE rubber industry is one that leads the world, although it does not appeal to us as the maple sugar or maple syrup does, but it is commercially more important. The natives in the countries where the rubber comes from simply take the tapping of the rubber trees, or the gutta percha trees as a means of obtaining their bread and butter and the bare necessities of life. The monotony of the tropical and the semi-tropical climates have removed the thrill.

The rubber tree is found in Africa, East Indies and some parts of Mexico and in the south western parts of the United States. Rubber juice can be obtained from the ordinary milk weed, but it produces so little that it would not be profitable.

When an incision is made through the bark the juice flows out slowly. The trees are tapped by cutting slanting grooves in them. A small cup is fastened to the tree at the lower end of the groove to collect the juice, which is gathered every evening. A pail of this juice looks somewhat like a pail of milk, and if it is allowed to stand for several hours the rubber will rise to the surface like cream.

The gatherer makes a smoldering fire with leaves and a kind of nut that grows in the forest. Then a wooden paddle is dipped into the juice and held over the fire until the water is evaporated, leaving a thin coat of rubber on the surface. He again dips the paddle in the juice and holds it over the fire and continues the process until the paddle is covered with a thick coat of rubber. He then cuts this open on one side, takes out the paddle and rolls the rubber into a ball, and it is ready for shipping.

* * *

CERTAIN species of the pine are tapped to obtain turpentine, and the process is similar to the tapping of the maple trees, but not so romantic or fragrant as the boiling of the sap, for a turpentine camp is not the most pleasant place to visit. There are other trees that are tapped, but not for commercial value as much as the convenience of man. The traveller's tree has long leaves, the stalks of the leaves are hollow and this cavity collects water or a sap, that has served multitudes of men and animals for centuries.

The cone tree, a native of South America, is the name given to a variety of tree that has an abundance of milky juice which when tapped or wounded yields a rich, milky substance that is considered as being important in those countries as food.

Several of the ingredients required for the manufacture of varnish are obtained from trees, and so trees play a valuable part in the life of people and in the world of commerce.

## Schoolboy Howlers

HERE are a few of the good old school examination howlers:

"William the Conqueror ordered his archers to shoot at the thickest part of the English, so they shot upwards, so that the arrows might fall on the heads of the English."

* * *

"Christians are only allowed one wife. This is known as 'monotony'."

* * *

"William the Conqueror fell off his horse and was wounded in the feudal system and died of it."

## The Rainbow

SUNSHINE and shadow,
Laughter and gloom;
Light on the meadow,
Roses in bloom;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

Loving, believing,
Hearts full of trust;
Weeping and grieving,
Hopes in the dust;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

Sunbeams are brighter
That follow a cloud,
And heaven looks brighter
To hearts that are bowed;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

Greet it with laughter,
What fate sends to you;
If clouds—then right after
Are skies deep and blue;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

—Great Thoughts.

THE Milky Way, sometimes called the Galaxy, crosses the middle of the heavens. It consists of thousands of stars too distant from the earth to be distinguished by the unaided eye.—Selected

# The ONE Who is Alive

## How Ah Lin Found the Good Shepherd

AH LIN was a sensible lad, and honestly wanted to make the most of life. He had studied the wise writings of the great Chinese teachers of past ages, especially that greatest teacher of them all, Confucius.

He had listened to the teaching of the yellow-robed monks of Buddha. He had, moreover, read with care a small book much more recently translated into Chinese, and had been very much attracted by what he read there about another teacher, Jesus.

"All three are wise and great men," said Ah Lin to himself, "Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus. But while the teaching of Jesus is new in China, my people have followed the rules of Confucius and of Buddha for many centuries. So it is reasonable that I should first try these, since they have been tested by time. I will spend a month following the teaching of each, and see what happens."

Now Confucius gave men such wise rules of good behavior, for every part of life, that for centuries the great Chinese people have been admired for their respect for old people, their politeness, their honesty, and their steadiness and love of peace. All these were taught by Confucius.

So, during the month he gave to following Confucius, young Ah Lin never lacked wise rules or good advice.

He always knew from those rules what he ought to do. Yet somehow or other he found, as I dare say *you* have found, that knowing what one ought to do is quite another matter from doing it! And at the end of the month Ah Lin had to admit he had not kept the good rules of Confucius.

For the second month of his test Ah Lin, as you will remember, had decided to follow Buddha. Now Buddha had told men that the one thing that mattered was to keep one's mind and heart quiet, and to cut oneself away from everything that was interesting or exciting, good as well as bad.

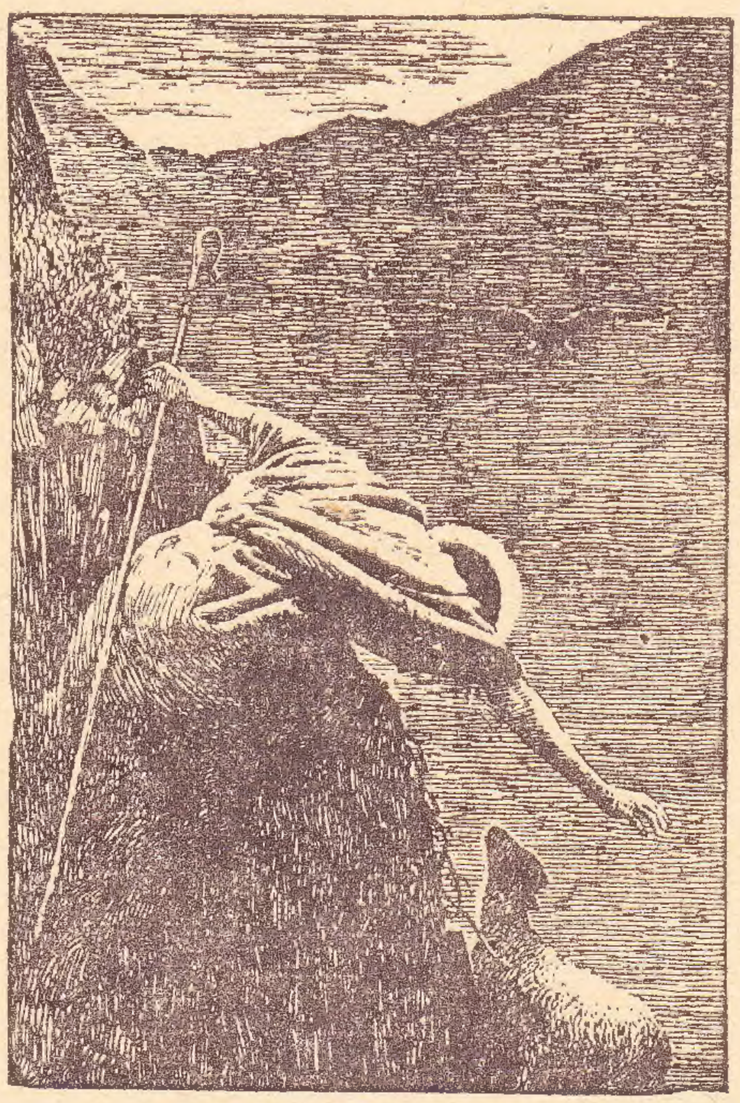
"The ideal state," said Buddha, "would be without feelings of any sort. Strive to avoid feeling anything, and in the end you will succeed in reaching Nirvana, an ideal nothingness. That will be peace."

Ah Lin was young, and liked doing things and enjoying things; but he tried very conscientiously to avoid feeling anything, and to rest in nothingness.

"It may be well enough for those who live in a monastery," said Ah Lin at the end of this second month. "But how can it help me to live a real life?"

THAT night it seemed to Ah Lin that he was going a journey, through difficult and dangerous country.

No path was clearly marked, and Ah Lin had no map or compass. Suddenly he found his feet sinking into treacherous mud, and before he could draw back on to firm ground he was being sucked into a bog of black, oozing mud. Struggle as he might, he felt he was being only the more deeply engulfed.



RESCUING A LOST ONE

No friendly bushes stretched out branches to which he could cling, to pull himself free. All round the bog, so it seemed, rose slippery, forbidding rocks, too smooth to offer even finger-hold.

Over the edge of one of the rocks a shadow moved, and then the wise and untroubled face of an old man looked over upon the struggling boy.

"My son," said the sage, in even tones, "I am Confucius, wisest of all teachers of China. Alas, that you have not obeyed my rules! If you had lived as I advise men to live, this would never have happened to you. Let it be a lesson to you, my young disciple. If you get out of the swamp, remember to obey my teaching."

The sage was gone. Ah Lin still struggled in the clutches of the swamp. Its mud, like a quicksand, seemed to be drawing him down. He sent despairing glances round the rocks, and saw someone sitting motionless in their shadows

"I am the Buddha," said a quiet voice. "Remember, my son, that this swamp is an illusion. Rest your mind now on the thought of nothingness; gather your mind into peace. Cease to feel, and you will find Nirvana."

"If I were out," cried Ah Lin desperately, "I would try to do as you bid. But how can anyone rest when the quicksands suck at his living body, and he draws moment by moment near an awful death? Help me, Father Buddha, I beseech!"

But no one stirred in the shadows.

* * *

THEN swiftly down the rocks, straight to the swamp, came a third figure. This time it was a Man young, strong, and active. His face was bright with kindness, yet it bore marks of deep suffering.

He did not stop for words. Right into the swmap He came, wading into its clinging horror, till He was as deep in its grasp as the boy He had come to rescue. He stretched out strong hands, and held Ah Lin below his arm-pits; with strength greater than human strength, He lifted the boy clear. He set him on firm ground, and even then He did not leave Ah Lin. He took off the boy's filthy clothes, and gave him clean, dry ones. His very touch brought glowing warmth and new energy.

"Ah Lin," said this Man, "will you continue the journey with Me? I know the way—I have travelled this road myself. Follow Me; I will choose the path for you, and I will never leave you or forsake you."

"And so," said young Ah Lin, telling the story afterwards, "I found my Master, Jesus Christ. He is not one long dead who has left good advice for men to follow if they can. He is not one who urges us to escape from life into aloofness and forgetfulness. He is my Master because He is alive and real; because, God as He is, He has come down into my life; and because He can show me every step of the path ahead, and will travel beside me always."—Methodist Recorder.

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"Why not take all to the Helper, who has never failed as yet!
Tell Him about the heartache, and tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose, when we scarce know what to do.

"Then leaving all our weakness with the one divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden, and carry away the song."

# A Suffering Nation

REPORTS from foreign missionaries and reliable Chinese sources in the interior of the North China province of Hopei, quoted by an Associated Press despatch, tell of a struggle by 5,000,000 peasants to survive famine conditions born of floods last August and September.

Inhabitants of 12,000 villages in 82 of Hopei's 140 counties are said to be on the verge of starvation — reduced to eating bark, swamp grass and porridges made of weeds and cotton husks. Farmers lucky enough to have crops in prospect are reported driven by hunger to eat the young shoots of their grain.

Not only were late crops in most of the region ruined last summer, but flood waters still cover some areas, precluding any yield this year, and normal reserve stocks are exhausted in many places.

Some districts are likely to be flooded again this summer. No work has been done on dykes because of military and political uncertainties. Hopei is criss-crossed with rivers and creeks, the principal waterway being the Hai Ho, a branch of the Yellow River—"China's Sorrow."

Chinese arriving at Peiping from surrounding Hopei province say they have seen corpses of their starved countrymen in whose pockets money has been found, indicating that in some places food is not to be bought.

They tell also of whole families committing suicide to escape slow death from hunger.

Whole communities are reported migrating into the hills of neighboring Shansi province, the men joining guerrillas or Japanese-sponsored forces. Others are emigrating into Manchoukuo, joining the labor corps in the Japanese protectorate. These latter fugitives trudge hundreds of miles to the Great Wall, there to enter Manchoukuo.

Since the start of the famine last fall Japanese authorities have released no news on conditions in the Hopei hinterland where their forces are not in control.

Chinese and foreign missionaries alike insist that the Japanese refuse to permit foodstuffs to leave the railway zones lest it be used to feed guerrillas or peasants sympathetic to them.

Conditions in the vicinity of Paoting are described as the worst since the Boxer Rebellion 40 years ago—the Chinese nationalist movement to drive out the "foreign devil." Some quarters say that conditions are rapidly approaching those preceding the Boxer uprising, if not already worse.

Missionaries say that under-nourishment extends even near the cities of Peiping and Tientsin. It is so severe, they say, that epidemics of scarlet fever, pneumonia, tuberculosis and skin diseases have broken out in some communities. (See also Page 6.)

# *Who Was St. George?*

By STORY TELLER

(For the Messenger.)

WE have all heard the legend of St. George. In an old English village play he tells of himself:

I fought a fiery dragon
And brought him to the slaughter
By this I won fair Sabra
The King of Egypt's daughter.

In Spencer's "Faerie Queene", St. George is the Red Cross Knight, an example of all courtesy and chivalry. He kills a dragon and rescues a maiden and performs many other wonderful exploits. St. George's Day falls on April 23rd.

Who was the real St. George and what did he do that he has become the centre of so many legends and is honored by the peoples of many countries?

Based on old authorities his story runs something like this. George was born in Lydda in southern Palestine somewhere in the late 200's. He joined the Roman army and became distinguished for his loyalty and courage. His father and mother had brought him up in the Christian faith.

About 303 A.D. the Emperor Diocletian began a terrible persecution of the Christians. Notices were posted throughout the empire commanding the people to worship the pagan gods on pain of death. George stationed with his legion either in his birthplace Lydda or in Cappadocia in Asia Minor not only refused to obey but publicly tore the placard down from the gate of the city.

A ROMAN SOLDIER OF THE 4TH CENTURY

On account of his distinguished services as a soldier and his popularity in the army and with the people he was offered his life and official promotion if he would forsake his faith.

He protested his loyalty to the Emperor but said that his loyalty to God ranked higher. He was cruelly executed but the influence of his example led many soldiers and other people to become Christians.

When the Crusaders came to Palestine around the 1100's they found the name of St. George honored all through the East.

The English were greatly attracted by the stories about him and adopted him as their "patron saint". His banner,—a red cross on white ground, the white for purity, the red for self-sacrifice,—became their ensign and their war-cry "St. George for Merrie England".

St. George is also known as a "patron saint" of soldiers, especially of Cavalry men, and of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. He is an ideal of Christian knighthood.

When boys and girls, and men and women are loyal to God and their country, are kind, courteous and helpful, when they "play the game" fairly, when they think of duty rather than of reward, when they are clean in thought word and deed they are true followers of St. George.

---

"Look to this day,
For yesterday is but a dream,
And to-morrow only a vision,
But to-day well lived, makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every to-morrow, a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to *this day!*"

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In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS*

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

APRIL 19, 1940.

## WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.—I Peter 1:8.

Mon. : Seek the Lord, and His strength: Seek His face evermore.—Ps. 105:4

Tue. : Keep yourselves in the love of God. Jude 21.

Wed. : Come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy.—Heb. 4:16.

Thu. : Trust in the Lord and do good.—Ps. 37:3.

Fri. : It is good for me to draw near to God.—Ps. 73:28.

Sat. : Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.—Ps. 115:11.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exodus 20:12.

When we build, let us think that we build for ever.—John Ruskin.

God often visits us, but most of the time we are not at home.—Rouse.

Grant to me to become beautiful inwardly, and that all my outward goods may prosper my inner soul.—Socrates.

A man may live in dreams and yet be unprepared for their realization.—R. L. Stevenson.

## And Dare Not Speak!

Mourn not the dead
That in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm sweet earth
That mothers all who die
As all men must:

But rather mourn
The apathetic throng—
The cowed and meek—
Who see the world's
Great anquish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

—Ralph Chaplin, N.S.W.P.

## A STRICKEN PEOPLE

ON another page we print a report of the terrible conditions existing in China. Messenger readers who contribute their "Canadian Christian Dollars for China" help "that much" in combatting these conditions.

Never was need more great and never were dollars more wisely spent.

People say, and say truly, that there is need at home, but it is usually those who help abroad who help at home also. "Charity begins at home—but it dosen't end there."

The "Far East" will have much to say to, and much to do, in the world of the near future. What it will say and do depends greatly on our spirit and actions today.

Every dollar sent to help stricken China may come back to us—a hundred fold. But the great reason why we Christians must help this suffering nation is that its people are dear to God, are "brothers and sisters for whom Christ died."

## Canadian Christian Dollars for China

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer ..... | | $459.48 |
| Further Contributions ..... | | 136.19 |
| "Friend", Hal., N.S. ..... | $6.00 | |
| Mrs. G. Johnstone, Man. .... | 2.00 | |
| "Can. Christian Dollars for China" ..... | 5.00 | |
| Jas. Mathieson, Ont. ..... | 10.00 | |
| "M.A.F.", Nfld. ..... | 5.00 | |
| Mrs. H. A. Archibald, N.S. ... | 1.00 | |
| F. W. Fillmore, Detroit, Mich. | 1.00 | |
| "J. S.", Blair, Ont. ..... | 1.00 | |
| E. M. Fraser, Sask. ..... | 10.00 | |
| "Another Tither", Ont. ..... | 5.00 | |
| "Mrs. C.B.F." ..... | 5.00 | |
| Mr. E. Duncan, B.C. ..... | 5.00 | |
| Mrs. E. L. Colpitt, N.B. ... | 10.00 | |
| B. J. J. Thorkelsson, Man. ... | 1.20 | |
| Mr. C. Forbes, Sask. ..... | 1.00 | 68.20 |
| Total | | 663.87 |

## Faith

Faith is an affair of the whole man—of the affections and of the will as well as of the intellect. It is the response of the whole personality to an object deemed worthy of trust, and it issues inevitably in conduct.—William Adams Brown.

"It is required in stewards," wrote St. Paul, "that a man be found faithful." If our possessions are indeed a trust from God, the most scrupulous stewardship is demanded from us, and our accounts ought to be in such a state that at any moment we should be willing to face a heavenly audit.—Methodist Recorder.

## *Crisis is Church's Chance*

### *DR. JAMES TELLS PRESBYTERIAN GRADUATES*

RECALLING that war was raging across Europe when plans were laid for the foundation of McGill University, Dr. F. Cyril James, McGill principal, told the graduating class of Presbyterian College in Montreal at the 73rd annual convocation that "when nations are breaking up, there exists a vast field for creative work."

The principal said that he would not extend his sympathy to the students because they were graduating "at a time when every hour brings a new crisis, because it is generally during such a period the church has proved its power to establish peace and create a new order in the world."

Dr. James admitted that the duties which confront the graduates were difficult, but believed that they would be equal to the occasion and would devote themselves to preaching peace, goodwill and understanding between nations and men.

"It will not be a small task, but then it is not a small ideal," said the principal.

Dr. James said when James McGill made his will which laid the foundation of McGill University, another dictator was marching across Europe and Canada's freedom was threatened. It was during those years, however, that the roots of the institution were sown.

The speaker also recalled that during that period the church was at a very low ebb.

Concluding, Dr. James told the students the world would be looking to them for leadership and would expect them to play a prominent part in the creation of a new order.

"You will have a hard task, but nothing holds greater promise than to achieve the purpose for which the church is designed," he added.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Young People's Bible Reading

# Isaiah Tells of God's Care

by BEREAN

For Sunday
April 19, 1940.
Isaiah 40:1-11.

SOME months ago (Aug. 25, 1939) we had a study dealing with Isaiah of Jerusalem who prophesied in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah, kings of Judah. Last week we saw how Micah and he were contemporaries. They both witnessed over a long period. Largely through their work, a spiritual and moral reformation was effected in Judah. Isaiah was a "statesman-prophet." He helped King Hezekiah to guide the nation through many difficult places, so that Judah stood for more than a hundred years after the fall of the Northern Kingdom.

Isaiah's ministry lasted from his early manhood till as an aged servant of the Lord,—it is said,—he was martyred under wicked King Manasseh.

Like all the Hebrew prophets he had a message for his own age and a special field of work in his own age, but he belongs to all time. The principles he laid down for personal and national welfare are as applicable and as authoritative as ever.

Our memory verse today is intimately connected with the story of Isaiah. When Jerusalem was besieged by the armies of Sennacherib, Isaiah told King Hezekiah that God would save the city. (2 Kings 19:20-37; Isa. 37:21-37). Psalms 46 to 48 were most likely written in celebration of this great deliverance.

These psalms "all strike the same note of gratitude, confidence, and praise, which is found in Isaiah's references to the same event." (Dummelow)

Some of Isaiah's deepest sayings,—like those of Micah which we considered last week,—were of a coming King who should give his people deliverance from and victory over all their enemies. These prophecies were fulfilled in the coming of Jesus Christ our Lord. His victories are not complete as yet. By loyally serving under His banner we help to bring His final victory nearer.

### "Comfort Ye! Comfort Ye!"

OUR study-selection this week is from the second part of the Book of Isaiah, which begins with Chapter 40. Many Christian scholars believe that this is the work of a prophet who was with his people an exile in Babylon. (about 540 B.C.)

Sometimes he is called "Isaiah of Babylon." There is nothing upsetting in this theory. It does not weaken the authority or deny the inspiration of these great writings. I think it helps us to understand them better.

*Shepherd of tender youth,*
*Guiding in love and truth*
*Through devious ways;*
*Christ our triumphant King*
*Hither Thy children bring*
*Tributes of praise.*

*Thou art our holy Lord,*
*The all-subduing Word,*
*Healer of strife;*
*Thou didst Thyself abase,*
*That from sin's deep disgrace*
*Thou mightest save our race*
*And give us life.*

*Thou art our great High Priest*
*Thou hast prepared the feast*
*Of heavenly love;*
*None calls on Thee in vain,*
*Thee Who didst not disdain*
*Help in my mortal pain,*
*Help from above."*

—*Clement of Alexandria* (200 *A.D.*)
(*Tr. H. M. Dexter*)

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"The prophet feels himself standing at the end of Israel's history—'her warfare is accomplished'. He looks into the grave in which all her sorrows . . . lie buried. The night is spent and all its uneasy dreams are fled—'Arise, shine for thy light is come! . . .

"The historical event around which all these prophecies gather is the Restoration of Israel from Captivity in Babylon by the Persian conqueror Cyrus. The prophet foresees the Restoration and predicts it; he also foresees and predicts the overthrow of Babylon, which must precede it.

"The Restoration is the Lord's doing . . . The event is of such meaning that all creation utters a jubilant cry over it: 'Sing O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob and will glorify Himself in Israel." (44:23) (The Temple Bible: Dr. A. B. Davidson)

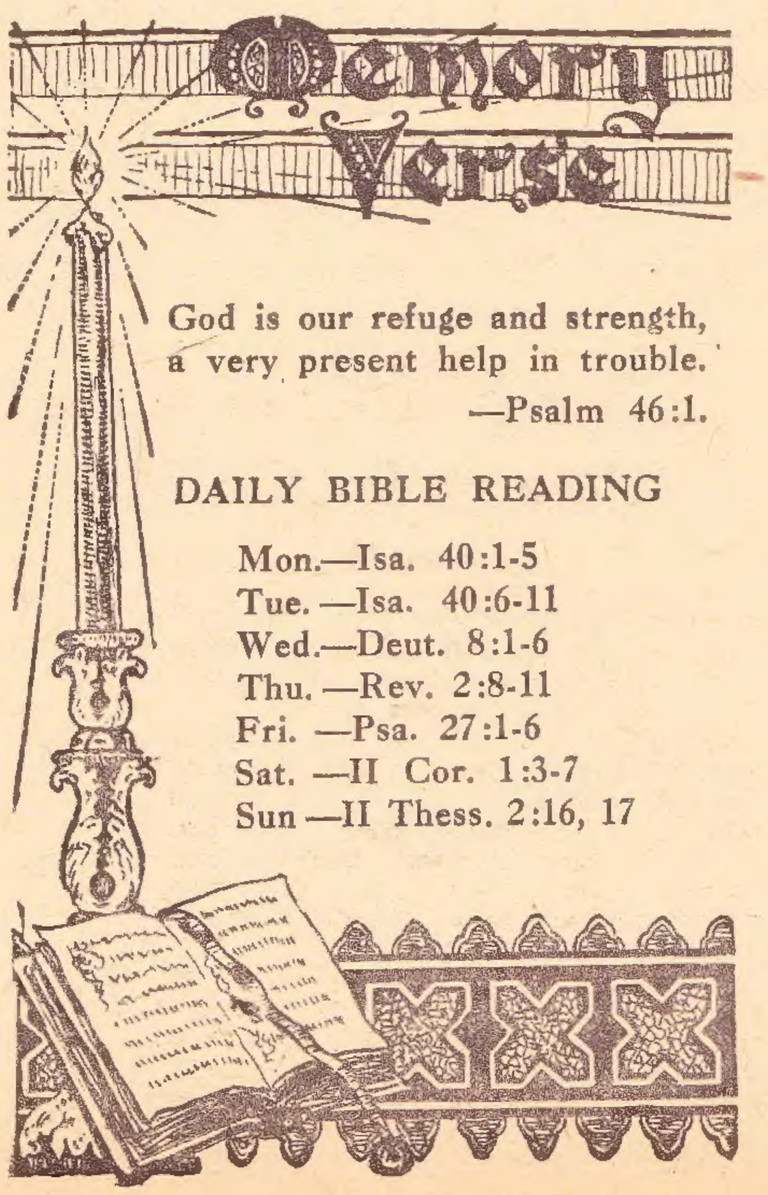
Read the whole of Chapter 40. Turn to it again and again. If possible familiarize yourself with those of its passages which Handel has set to noble music in "The Messiah." You will find it has messages of comfort, help and strength for you as well as for Israel long ago.

Like the overture of a great oratorio, verses 1 and 2 give the theme of the prophecies in the Book to follow.

God commissions either the Prophet or a Celestial Herald to "speak comfortably to Jerusalem", to the city lying desolate away back in the homeland.

Her warfare.—Or 'time of service'. (R.M.) compare Job 7:1. For seventy years God's people have served in Babylon. Their long discipline has accomplished its purpose. For one thing this people which for centuries had been continually sliding into idolatry were emerging as a people, with an intense hatred of idols, who should teach the truth of One Holy and Almighty God to the peoples of the world.

Double.—This of course is a figure of speech. It is as if the Lord in His compassion felt that He had doubly chastized His people.




### "Thou that tellest good tidings"

SO in the Prophet's lovely picture the Voices sound across the desert. First there is that grand majestic voice "In the wilderness,—prepare ye the way—"

Remember how John the Baptist identified himself with that Voice at a time when Israel, if she had willed it, stood on the threshold of a greater deliverance. (Matt. 3:3; Mark 1:3; Luke 3:4; John 1:23)

"The prophet's idea is that as at the Exodus, the Lord went at the Head of His people through the wilderness to Canaan, so again He will go at their head from Babylon back to Zion." (Davidson)

Make straight.—"The imagery is

(Please turn to Page 8.)

## "WITS' END CORNER"

(Ps. 107:27)

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Christian with troubled brow?
Are you thinking of what is before you
And all you are bearing now?
Does all the world seem against you
And you in the battle alone?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
Is just where God's power is shown.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Blinded with wearying pain,
Feeling you cannot endure it,
You cannot bear the strain;
Bruised through the constant suffering,
Dizzy, and dazed, and numb?
Remember—to "Wits' End Corner"
Is where Jesus loves to come!

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner",
Your work before you spread,
All lying begun, unfinished,
And pressing on heart and head,
Longing for strength to do it,
Stretching out trembling hands?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
The Burden Bearer stands.

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner",
Yearning for those you love,
Longing and praying and watching,
Pleading their cause above,
Trying to lead them to Jesus,
Wond'ring if you've been true?
He whispers, "At 'Wits' End Corner',
I'll win them, as I won you."

Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner?"
Then you are just in the very spot
To learn the wondrous resources
Of Him who faileth not!
No doubt to a brighter Pathway
Your footsteps will soon be moved,
But only at "Wits' End Corner"
Is "the God who is able" proved.

—Author unknown.

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### False Cheer

Lord Dunsany said at a prize-giving at Sevenoaks School.

He felt that "if the Spirit of Alcohol were to be personified, it would take the form of an extremely charming devil."

Lord Dunsany added the following warning to the assembled boys: "By taking a drink or two they could get the impression that they were wiser and stronger and cleverer than their fellows, which was a very pleasant feeling to have; but the trouble was that while they were doing that, some dull fellow was making real progress, while they were only making an imaginary one."

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## ISAIAH TELLS OF GOD'S CARE

(Continued from Page 7.)

from the practice of Eastern monarchs, who thus made roads for the passage of their armies." (Dummelow)

God's deliverance of His people shall be so gloriously evident that "All flesh shall see it together." It is certain, "The mouth of the Lord has spoken it!"

So the Voice says "Cry!"

Then from out in the desert a voice answers, sad and discouraged. "What shall I cry!—" As if to say, "What is the use? We are all like the grass or the flowers, which grow up only to wither and fade; God made us like this. It is the 'breath of God', the wind of God that takes us away." (Psalm 90:5, 6, voicing the discouragement of Moses carries the same thought.)

Then the former Voice peals out like a trumpet. "Yes. The flowers may fade. We may pass. But God endures. This 'breath of God' brings Life not Death. He has pledged His word. He shall certainly save His people."

Then another more distant voice takes up the strain,

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
Get thee up into the high mountain;
O thou that bringest good idings to Jerusalem,
Lift up thy voice with strength;
Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

"Thou that tellest" is feminine in Hebrew. "The prophet in spirit sees a maiden, or a company of women, (Psa. 68:11), bringing the news." (Dummelow)

This is very beautiful. The Psalmist and the Prophet both spoke long ago when women were looked down on. The Gospel has given women their rightful place of honor. The world owes an incalculable debt to good women. The girls of our Sunday Schools may do much to bring about a new world!

With a strong hand . . . his reward . . . his work (or recompense)—"The figure is that of a conqueror bringing hte spoils of war." (Dummelow)

What are these "spoils"? They are His people whom He has redeemed out of the hand of their enemies.

His trophies, fetters broken,
His captives ransomed souls.

So the word is carried by a "relay" of voices to Jerusalem and the last Voice has the loveliest and tenderest note.

Earthly conquerors can spare little thought to the individual. But the Almighty Conqueror who comes to Zion is likewise a tender Shepherd Who cares for the weakest and least important one in His flock.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd;
He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
and carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that are with (their) young.

The last clause means those that are nursing their little lambs. The mother-sheep may sometimes be so busy looking after their little ones that they will not immediately hear the voice of the Shepherd when He calls. But He will understand. He will "lead them gently."

"Compare Jacob's plea for the tender children, and for the flocks and herds with their young, Gen. 33:13." (Amos R. Wells)

The thought of God as the Good Shepherd is one of the loveliest in the Bible. Look up Psa. 23; John 10; Psa. 77:20; 80:1; Jer. 13:17; 31:10; 50:19; Ezek. 34:11-16; Matt. 9:36; 18:12; Luke 15:4.

This thought of Christ filled the hearts of the Christians under the persecutions of the first centuries as is shown by their drawings in the Catacombs.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesu, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

—(Clement of Alexandria)

QUESTIONS

1. "God is our refuge and strength——." Complete the verse.
2. When is this Psalm supposed to have been written?
3. "Comfort ye——." Complete the verse.
4. "The voice of him that crieth——." Complete the verse.
5. "Make straight in the desert," etc. What picture does the Prophet paint here?
6. How does the Prophet picture the Good News being carried to Jerusalem?
7. What beautiful picture of God's care is given in these verses and in many other places in the Bible?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

# *How Does Your Garden Grow?*

By Gordon Lindsay Smith

### Flowers that Fit

THERE are flowers to fit almost any garden situation. Some like damp soil, some dry, some full hot sun, others shady corners. Certain types do best in deep rich soil while some actually ask the poorer sorts. Special likes and dislikes will be found mentioned in the better Canadian seed catalogues and if your garden is unusual in location it is advisable to make special selections. Indeed there are flowers to suit even the most indifferent of gardeners, some that really grow themselves regardless of neglect.

Certain annuals like clarkia, alyssum,, larkspur, pansy and phlox will actually give better results, more delicate coloring, if planted in partial shade..

For full sun especially if planted close to a south wall where there is little protection from summer heat, there are things like coreopsis, California and other poppies, portulaca or climbing morning glories and nasturtiums which love the sun and give remarkable results even in a siege of dry weather.

If a supply of cut flowers is wanted for the table, blooms with long stems that will keep well in water, then horticultural authorities urge the planting of sweet peas, snap-dragons, cosmos, zinnias, lupine, African marigolds, scabious, asters, single and double, verbena and salpiglosis.

For scent, especially in the evening a few nicotine, carnations, mignonette, or stocks will perfume the whole garden.

Solid beds of annuals or big blocks in borders have exceptional appeal and these can be made up of petunias, pholx, dwarf marigolds, nasturtiums, verbenias or zinnias.

### Catalogues Give Help

THE much maligned seed catalogue is really the amateur's most indispensible of reference books. In addition to giving him actual colour photographs of the native flowers and vegetables it furnishes actual planting directions.

These books tell whether certain varieties are suitable to Canada and also give important points such as time of planting, resistance or lack of resistance to frost, height, color, season of blooming, whether scented, and also the suitability of the flowers for cutting purposes. All of these points should be taken into consideration in planning a real garden, authorities state, as only with such knowledge can a comprehensive and practical scheme be worked out.

### War Boosts Vegetables

WAR and its need for conserving food supplies brings vegetable gardening into popularity again. Certainly at a time like this any piece of idle land should be put to profitable use. And in doing this the grower will discover once more that only when vegetables are taken fresh from the garden to the table is the highest flavor possible. Indeed with certain things like corn and peas there is absolutely no comparison between the fresh picked article and that which is hours removed from the garden.

In vegetable gardens every foot of space should count. Rows are narrow and as one vegetable is used another takes its place. Only the most productive things are planted, like beans, radish, lettuce, spinach, beets, carrots, corn and tomatoes.

Small vegetables like lettuce, and radish require rows only 12 inches apart. Beets, beans, carrots, peas and spinach need at least 15 inches between, while potatoes, corn and staked tomatoes must have a couple of feet to thirty inches. Space may be saved with the latter type if something quick maturing such as lettuce, and spinach are planted in between. The bigger things will not need the full room at first and by the time they do, the early crops will be out of the way. Tender vegetables are those which are grown quickly, therefore the experts force theirs along with chemical fertilizer, cultivation and if possible water.

Next Week, Eliminating drudgery, garden tools.

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## Larger Service to the Blind

JUST as eyes grow tired with much reading, so do the fingers of the blind as they move over the embossed pages of their bulky books. It is a comfort and a solace to rest the hands and listen to the Scriptures read—and read well.

For all such, and for those who have never learned to read with their fingers, the American Bible Society produced a few years ago, on two double-faced records, a volume of Scripture Passages suitable for use with the Talking Book machines furnished by the government.

With the increasing use of these machines, the Bible Society has prepared Talking Book records for the entire New Testament and twelve books of the Old Testament in 73 double-faced records.

Following the policy of the Society in supplying its embossed volumes of the Scripture to the sightless, these records are furnished to blind individuals at a fraction of their cost.—Sel.

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THE Queen has presented to Canada Gen. James Wolfe's last letter to his mother, written a few days before the battle in which, 180 years ago on Quebec's Plains of Abraham, he won Canada for Britain.

* * *

Her Majesty Queen Mary suggested to General Carpenter, of the Salvation Army, that the motor canteens which it is equipping for service with travelling troops should be called the "Kind Thoughts" motors.—Selected.

*DEAR CHUMS:—*

The variety of letters in this week's Mail Bag is very encouraging. Eileen Lane has taken pains to write in appreciation of having had her story printed and thanks us for sending her some extra copies. Three of the other letters are from pen-pals to each other which always adds so much to the interest of the Page. The other letters are from two new chums and that shows progress too. All around I congratulate you and would like to say also that the Riddle Contest letters are still coming in splendidly. There isn't much time left from now until the end of the month, so make the most of it!

*YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.*

* * *

To Dora Greening from Evelyn Ray

I was very glad to receive your letter. I am also writing to a girl in Nova Scotia. She is five days older than I am.

I like singing and music. I take piano lessons every Saturday morning from 10 to 10:30 o'clock. My teacher's name is Miss Clarke. I am going to take music examinations. The name of the book that I am learning from now is the Toronto Conservatory of Music for Grade II. I have taken quite a number of pieces out of it already.

Did you enjoy reading The Player from Elmdale? I liked it very much. What paper does your class take at Sunday School or does the Northern Messenger do for all the classes? Our class takes the Girl's Companion but I usually read the Northern Messenger first.

My two sisters and I walk two and a half miles to school every day. As our teacher lives in Belleville, we sometimes get a ride with him. If you look in your geography on the map of Ontario you will find that Belleville is situated in the southern part of Hastings County. It is the capital of this county. We live near the Bay of Quinte, where we go skating sometimes.

The farm we are living on now has not always been my home. We used to live a few miles further north. I must close now so as to leave room for other Chums' letters, but I remain, Your Ontario Chum,—Evelyn Ray.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to the Chums' Mail Bag. I am ten years old. I will be eleven the second of June. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I am 4 ft. 9 in. high. I weigh 83 pounds. I am not very tall, but quite stout. They call me Fatty at school. I have three sisters. Their names are Evelyn, Doreen, Lorna. My hobbies are skating, sleigh-riding, skiing, etc. I am starting a stamp collection. I like singing and hope some day to be able to play the guitar.

I enjoy reading the stories in the Messenger very much. I do not read the continued stories. I go to Sunday School every Sunday.

I guess I will close now, hoping to hear from some chums soon. A new Chum,—Dorothy Ray, Ont.

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Dear Aunt Ruth,—I was very pleased to see my story on your page. Thank you so much for printing it. Sorry, my name, either through my writing or the printing was misspelled. My last name is Lane—'e' instead of 'g'. Yours truly,—Eileen Lane, Ont.
P.S.—Many thanks for the copies of the Messeger.

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Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your page. I get the Messenger every week and I like reading Our Chums Mail Bag.

I am 11 years old and in Grade 7 at school. I weigh 114½ pounds and am 5 ft. 3½ ins. tall.

I have one brother two years old. His name is Glendon. I have a pet cat. His name is Max. My favorite subject at school is spelling. Would all the Chums please write?—Lorraine Fritz, N.S.

*This Week's Star Correspondent*

EVELYN RAY

*Honorable Mention*

Dorothy Ray

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To Audrey Keats from Ruth McClure

Dear Audrey,—I get the Northern Messenger every Sunday and enjoy reading it. I am writing this letter because I saw your letter in the Northern Messenger and I am sure you are my twin because I was 14 on Feb. 27, 1940. I have one brother also and one sister older than I am.

I go to public school and I am in the same grade as you are.

At our school we are doing Red Cross work. We made a layette which went to Finland, also a scrapbook which goes to India.

We are knitting scarfs, sweaters, jackets, and caps. We hold a meeting every month. To make it more interesting we have a short program. Your new Chum,—Ruth McClure, Ont.

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To Theo Marie Coray
from Marjorie McHanson

Dear Theo,—I must first apologize for not answering your letter sooner, but was ever so busy.

I have been a Guide for about 3½ years. I belong to the "First Leask Guide Company" and am in the Robin patrol. In 1938 the Leask Girl Guides won the "Bessborough Shield" for wild flower collection.

I live in a small village. The population is about 300, which is a very small place. My hobby is collecting photographs. Well, I will close now and hope to hear from you soon. Your pen-pal,—Marjorie McHanson.

# "Kindness to Animals" Week

By Pearl Holloway

"BUT, mother, how can I do anything to help a bird, or an animal? We have no dogs or cats, and we live so far from other folks! Mother, I just don't see how I can do what Miss Rose wants this time!" Donnie's voice broke and his eyes filled. Never before had Miss Rose asked anything he could not do, and she was depending on him.

Mother smiled. "Just keep your eyes open," she advised, "and I think you'll find a way. In the meantime, you might feed Biddy and her babies for me."

"Do you suppose that would count?" Donnie asked, his face brightening.

"It might," mother answered, "and anyway it is being kind to Biddy. Miss Rose will be glad to hear about it."

Donnie ran quickly down the walk for the grain which Biddy liked so well, and scattered some meal for the fluffy baby chicks. After that he gave them fresh water, and sat down in the swing to think of all Miss Rose had said. She had been sure every one of them could find some special act of kindness to perform for a bird or an animal. If only Gyp were here!

But Gyp had gone to the farm with father, and Donnie and mother were staying in town till father could get the house ready. There were no close neighbors, and Donnie was lonely.

* * *

AT first, mother had thought she wouldn't bother with flowers, for they would be moving soon, but later she changed her mind, and little green plants were growing in the baskets and boxes on the porch railing, as well as in the flower beds Donnie and father had fixed for her.

"Still thinking about Miss Rose?" mother asked, sitting down beside him; then, with a glance at the flower baskets, "Why, there is one father forgot to fill! I must have him look after it the next time he comes, for we want them all full of plants. We may have to live in this house all summer, and just go to the farm once in a while, so I want everything beautiful. What would you like to have in that basket, dear?"

"May I have anything I want?" Donnie asked.

Mother hesitated. "Anything that grows well in a basket," she said at last. "What would you like?"

"I'm going to look in my book of flowers," he answered, and she left him studying. Presently he looked up at the basket, then looked again. A bird was sitting there, right on the ground where the flowers ought to be. Donnie rushed into the house. "Mother! Mother!" he called. "There's a bird in the basket!"

* * *

MOTHER came to the door, but the bird flew away. Donnie pointed eagerly. "There it goes!" he exclaimed. "Oh, mother, do you suppose it will come back?"

"I never heard of a bird building a nest in a flower basket," she said slowly, "but it might. Only," she cautioned, "you must be careful not to frighten it."

Donnie sat down in the swing again, and mother went back to her work. After a while the bird came and dropped a few straws on the basket. Another bird was with her. They seemed to be talking together. Donnie tiptoed into the house.

"They have come back," he whispered, and mother watched with him from the doorway. Finaly the twigs were arranged to suit the bird, and she settled herself among them. Donnie's eyes shone. "Mother!" he gasped. "Mother! Do you suppose letting the bird have the basket would be doing a kindness to it?"

"What about the flowers?" his mother questioned.

"Oh, I'd lots rather have the bird!" he decided quickly. "You said I could have anything in that basket, you know. Oh, mother, may I have the bird?"

"Im sure I don't care, if that is what you want most," mother replied, and Donnie clapped his hands softly. "I don't believe anyone else will have that to tell Miss Rose!" he said happily.

* * *

THAT night he took his bird book and compared the pictures with the new tenant of the flower basket. That she was a Mourning Dove and did not trouble to make a nice nest was as much as he could find, but he watched her eagerly for more news. It seemed as if her mate had deserted her, for they never saw him bring food or relieve her at any time.

Donnie was worried, and mother finally consented to let him put some seeds from Dickie's cage into the basket. Mrs. Dove flew away, chattering in great excitement, and in a very short time Mr. Dove appeared.

They circled about the house wildly, and Donnie took the dish of seed away. At last Mrs. Dove went back to her nest, and Mr. Dove disappeared.

"At least we know he hasn't run off and left her," mother said comfortingly, and Donnie was satisfied.

One moring Mrs. Dove left the nest for a few minutes, and Donnie saw two ugly little birds among the twigs. They were afraid to have him near them, and the mother came back soon. Donnie could scarcely wait to tell Miss Rose about it.

* * *

MOTHER'S prophecy was right, and they spent most of the summer in the town house. Donnie's dove family grew up and flew away.

Mother took the basket down, and Mrs. Dove returning for a second nesting time, settled in the next basket, which was full of flowers. Mother drove her away, but she came back again.

"Put the old basket up, mother, please," Donnie coaxed. "Maybe she'll have some more little doves." The basket was replaced, but hung differently, and Mrs. Dove did not make her home in it.

Donnie was disappointed, but father said she might come later, so the basket was left hanging. Some weeks afterward, Mrs. Dove brought a few more twigs and settled herself again. It was not long until two eggs were under her. This time she seemed to enjoy having Donnie watch her, and even drank water from a dish he put beside her.

Father thought the sun was too hot, for she panted and seemed to be uncomfortable, so mother tacked a strip of carpet to a piece of wood and hung it from the porch roof to shade the nest. Mrs. Dove was not at all frightened while they fixed her awning, and seemed to appreciate their kindness.

One morning Donnie called mother to come quickly. Mrs. Dove was standing up in the basket and, peeping from her wings, were two tiny birds still wet and shivering.

The mother bird took the pieces of shell and flew out over the lawn, dropping them in the grass, then came back to hover her babies. "Just as if she waited for us to see her do it," Donnie exclaimed.

Mother took some pictures, and when Miss Rose asked for reports of kind acts, Donnie told her about the doves, and showed her their home.

"I think Donnie has the best story of all, don't you?" Miss Rose asked the others, and they all agreed that he had. —Congregationalist.

---

For man there is one greatest misfortune; to receive an idea that exerts no influence on his active life.—H. D. Thoreau.

## RIVER PARTNERS

(Continued from Page 2.)

then the same thoughtful expression returned. John was a more experienced trapper than Alex. Besides doing away with the old antagonism between them by joining partnerships Alex would gain by the Indian youth's greater experience. But several seconds passed and John did not answer.

"I don't know what I should do," John stated, hesitatingly. Then that light came back into his eyes with a faint half-smile.

"Tell you what, Alex," he resumed. "Let's gamble on it."

The Indian picked two dry straws from the river bank beside him and arranged them in his hand just as he had done at the mink trap two days before. He handed them out to Alex.

"Pick the short one and we're partners, a long one means we stay like we are."

Just at that moment John's row-boat that had been held by the tree branch on the river above them floated by, partly submerged and sinking rapidly. Alex never could really understand the reason but, odd as it seemed, all that he noticed of the boat was two straws lying side by side on the stern seat. They were the ones that John had held out to him when they drew straws for the mink, somehow they had escaped the spring breezes of the past two days and still lay where they had lit at the stern of the boat. The long straw that Alex had drawn gave the mink to John, but as the sinking boat drifted by, Alex stared at those straws, mouth agape. Both straws were long ones! Alex could not have won that draw!

* * *

SO that's it, eh? Alex thought. You cheating double-crosser! He gazed back at John's face. You don't want to join up partnerships with me, and this is your way of letting me off easily without refusing me. They'll both be long straws again this time.

Alex reached forward and drew out one of the straws from the Indian boy's hand. Both youths gazed at it quickly. It was a short one!

"Well, guess we're trapping partners from now on," John said and smiled at Alex.

Alex had not overcome his surprise when John tossed the other straw into the waters of the Lawandron rushing past them. In the second before the current picked it up and whipped it downstream, Alex caught a quick glimpse of the straw. It was a short one, too!

Alex smiled back at his river partner.

"Yes, I guess we're partners, John," he said. "Let's get home to dry out and while our clothes are drying we can figure out a way to divide our trapping lines up between us."

## THE BISHOP'S VISION

CENTURIES ago there lived a bishop who was also a prince, and he was very rich. Out of his vast wealth he built a glorious cathedral, and when it was almost finished, and he gazed upon it, his heart was full of pride.

"How splendid a building I have set up to the glory of God," he thought.

On the front of the cathedral there were many rows of figures carved in stone, figures of apostles and saints and kings.

But the niche over the main door was still empty, for the bishop planned that in that niche there should stand a figure of himself. It should be smaller than the rest, a kneeling figure with hands clasped in prayer, that all might know what a good and humble man he was.

But, for all that, as long as the cathedral stood, it would remind men of the man who set up this splendid building to the glory of God. And, of course, all this was vainglory, and yet all the time the bishop really believed that he was a humble man!

Then, one night, he had a vision. An angel stood before him and said, "Come, and I will show thee those who have done God greater service on this building than thou hast."

And the angel led him to the foot of the hill on which the cathedral stood. There he saw two great oxen dragging, with chains, a huge square block of stone. At the foot of the hill they stopped to rest, for, strong as they were, the stone was heavy for them and the hill was steep.

As they rested there came to them a little girl, with a bundle of hay in her arms, and she fed the oxen, each in turn, and stroked them and spoke kindly to them.

Then, after they had rested, they set their strong shoulders to the chains and dragged the stone uphill.

Then the bishop awoke and was filled with shame. And he set up in the empty niche the figure of a little girl feeding two oxen with hay, and gave commandment that, when he died, he should be buried face downward beneath the flagstones of the central doorway, that those who entered or came out should tread his vainglory in the dust!

And, to this day, right in the midst of the apostles and saints and kings, there stands a little girl feeding two oxen with hay!—Methodist Recorder.

### ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."
2. Immediately after the destruction of the Assyrian army and the deliverance of Jerusalem.
3. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."
4. "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, etc." (Isa. 40:3).
5. That of a road being made for the armies of a King.
6. By relays of voices across the desert.
7. The Good Shepherd.


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# Keep your WITS WORKING

## GAMES

Relay races are great fun. A play supervisor or leader with imagination can invent any number of varieties on the relay model. Here are a few:

*Boat Race*—Paper boats. Each boy shoves boat along with match or twig for certain distance till it is "out of harbor", then blows it along to end of course. He then takes it in his hand and runs back.

*Balloon Race.*—Each boy pats a balloon to end of course and back.

*Puff Ball*—Each boy blows ping-pong ball to end of course and runs back with it.

*Bottle Race*—Each boy uses stick in pushing ordinary milk bottle over course and back.

*Hopping Race*—Each boy hops to end of course and runs back.

---

## RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. When is a dog's tail like a traffic block?
2. Why is every day in bad repair?
3. What two flowers should decorate a zoo?
4. Why is a lady hanging out clothes a good navigator?
5. Why did the nurse refuse to take baby into the artist's studio?
6. What were the colors of the wind and the waves in the last storm at sea?

---

## WHAT BIRD IS THIS?

My first of boxing is a part.
My second's of the orasman's art.
My whole it names a famous bird
Of whom all people must have heard.

---

## TUNE IN ON NATURE

1. What is the largest nut in the world; on what variety of tree is it grown, and what length of time is required to grow and ripen this nut?
2. A single strand of silk spun by spiders is used for what important commercial purpose?
3. Do all climbing vines and plants coil in the same direction?
4. Approximately how many California Condors are estimated to inhabit that state at present?
5. Does the female frog "sing"?
6. An insect is thought to possess clear vision for what distance?
7. Approximately what number of seeds are scattered by one Russian Thistle?
8. What bird is found only in North America?
9. Approximately how many times does a honey bee move its wings each second while in flight?
10. Does the male Humming bird help with the nest building and rearing of his young?

—Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

---

## ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

*Crossword Puzzle—*

| *Across* | *Down* |
|---|---|
| 1. | 1. Wafers |
| 5. Calf | 2. Speedy |
| 8. Pharpar | 3. There |
| 9. Flee | 4. Trespass |
| 10. Bill | 5. Cabul |
| 11. Erastus | 6. Arisai |
| 12. Rode | 7. Fallen |
| 14. Lake | 13. Oars |
| 16. Say | 15. Knit |
| 17. Hay | 17. Hoar |
| 19. Inn | 18. Year |
| 20. Hosea | 21. Arts |
| 21. Ass | 22. Shoe |
| 23. Asa | 24. Idol |
| 24. Its | 25. Sore |
| 26. Hor | 27. Out |
| 28. Rid | 29. Ira |
| 30. Thou | 31. Er |
| 32. Roar | |
| 33. Eternal | |

---

*Beheadings*—Skill, kill ill.

---

### A Sad Plight

He: "I trust you have forgiven me for not recalling your name the other evening, although I remembered your face perfectly."

She: "Oh, yes; but my name is such a plain one I should think you ought to have remembered it quite as readily!"

He: "Not at all. Your name isn't half as plain as—er—beg pardon, your face is much more aristocratic than your—I mean to say that your name is harder than—"

---

### Delicately Expressed

A Frenchman, who had not found "life on the ocean wave" all he could have wished, was sinking, pale and haggard, into his deck-chair when a neighbor asked cheerily, "Have your breakfast, monsieur?" "No, M'sieur," answered the Frenchman, with a wan smile. "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary."

---

A cautious man is not naturally adverse to heeding his wife's entreaties to buy himself a new suit; it's just that he fears the additional cost of bringing the little woman's appearance up to an equal footing with the new suit.

## Kite-Flying

LT.-COL. J. A. A. PICKARD, General Secretary of the National "Safety First" Association, has sent an interesting communication which ought to be noted by children as well as parents. "Kite flying," he writes, "is not a dangerous pastime, but the presence of an increasing number of electric pylons and overhead wires has created a risk against which a word of warning is necessary.

"Recently a man was flying a kite using a string with a steel core,, which came in contact with an overhead cable, and the man received a shock from which he died. There have also been several cases of children climbing or attempting to climb pylons, usually to recover their kites which have fouled the cables. Children should not be allowed to fly kites near overhead wires."

---

"Sedentary work," said the college professor, "tends to lessen the resistance."

"In other words," the student butted in, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the professor, "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

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### Remember This, Dear

"I shall never permit myself to become a household drudge," said the young woman about to be married. "No," replied her mother, "of course not! But I think it will be as well to remember, dear, that there are times when currant jelly appeals to a man a great deal more than current gossip!"

---

The old shepherd's daughter was going to marry a town-dweller. Wishing to make her father look smart when he gave her away at the altar, she got him to agree to wear a hat. The shepherd went into a store:

Clerk—"What size, please?"

Shepherd—"I don't know."

Clerk—"We'll try a six and a half first."

Shepherd—"Six and a half be hanged. I wear a 16-collar, and I know my head is bigger than my neck."

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HERE are two new recipes to help you celebrate the return of the rhubarb season. The first is for a delicious conserve that will brighten spring breakfast menus. The second is for a novel punch that provides a delicious thirst quencher.

Rhubarb-Pineapple-Nut Conserve

2 cups canned Hawaiian pineapple juice
2 quarts diced pink rhubarb unpeeled (about 3 pounds)
6¼ cups sugar
1 cup sliced Brazil nuts
Juice and grated rind of 1 large orange

Combine pineapple juice, diced rhubarb, juice and grated rind of orange and sugar, mix thoroughly. Bring fruit to a boil in a porcelain preserving kettle. Boil rapidly until thick, about 25 minutes. Be careful that mixture does not stick to bottom of kettle. Add nuts and seal in clean hot glasses. Makes ten 9-ounce glasses.

Rhubarb-Pineapple Punch

3 cups diced rhubarb
3 cups water
1 cup sugar
1 cup canned Hawaiian pineapple juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1½ cups ginger ale
Crushed ice

Simmer the rhubarb, water and sugar until rhubarb is tender. Strain and cool. Add the pineapple juice and lemon juice, and just before serving add the crushed ice and ginger ale. 8 servings.

## Mommy Dear's Example

JOSIE ELLIOTT

"MOMMY dear, tell me a story—something you did when you were a little girl." Janie climbed into the sleepy-hollow chair with her mother, her bright blue eyes eager with interest and anticipation. "Something you really and truly did, Mommy."

"Well, dear, are you quite sure you will not be fast asleep before I have finished?" asked Mrs. Tiffany, as she gently stroked the curly locks of her little daughter.

Her thoughts flew back to the time when she too wanted to hear true stories from her mother, principally about things that happened when the Yankees invaded the South. No, she had no war story for Janie. Her story began:

"One day, when I was about your size, I walked into the dining room just before lunchtime. 'Mother, may I have a biscuit?' I asked.

"Your grandmother turned and selected the lightest, fluffiest one on the plate and handed it to me, saying, 'Will you have butter or jelly, dear?'

" 'No, just the biscuit, please.'

"This had happened so often, during the past week or two, that my mother's interest was aroused. She watched me go into the vegetable garden and take my seat by a row of young onions that were just a few inches high, tender and pungent. I would pull up one at a time, remove the outer leaves, and proceed to eat the tender shoots with my biscuit. As soon as the biscuit had vanished I was ready to resume my play. No, I was not hungry at lunchtime!"

Mrs. Tiffany smiled and sighed. "It seems but yesterday that I was a child, back in the old home," she murmured to herself. Janie was almost asleep.

Nothing more was thought of Mommy dear's story until a few days later.

"Mommy dear," came from little Janie, "may Babe Ruth and I go to see Grandmother? We will come home the minute you telephone for us."

Mrs. Tiffany readily consented, for it was a daily occurrence to go to Grandmother's. The very sight of the home made the children hungry, for there was always something good waiting for them. "Just tell your grandmother I'll be over a little later," she said.

But when Mrs. Tiffany entered the beloved living room of her old home, her mother was sitting erect in the ladder-back chair, her eyes snapping with indignation. Two little girls sat opposite her, eyes lowered, fingers twisting the sashes of their dresses.

"Daughter," Grandmother announced, speaking with unsmiling lips, as she arose and moved toward the outer door, "just see what Janie and Ruth have done. My little spring onions! Pulled up by the roots! Rows and rows of them!"

Mommy dear smiled, but with genuine chagrin. Janie and Ruth had followed in her footsteps much too realistically. Thereafter, her true stories were chosen with much greater discretion.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

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Teacher: "Now, Freddy, why does a polar bear wear a fur coat?"

Freddy: "Oh-er, well, I suppose he would look funny in a tweed one!"

## Knitting

The girls are knitting, not only socks and jumpers, but also fellowship and character.

Perched upon an old arm-chair,
I beheld a maiden fair;
  She was always knitting
Caps and cardigans and socks;
Scarves and petticoats and frocks,
  For the missionary box.
Giving of her very best
To the poor and the distressed,
  She was always knitting,
Day by day, through shade or shine,
Human hearts, by actions fine,
  In a fellowship divine.
Finding on life's common way
Grace to love and work and play,
  She was always knitting.
Evermore, by day and night,
Round her soul a garment bright,
  A robe of loveliness and light.

—J. Shirley Anderson
in N.S.W. Presbyterian.

## PROTECTIVE FOODS

IF we could insure that every person in any country, especially the mothers and children, enjoyed a diet fully adequate for health, the next generation would be free from a great deal of the ill-health which afflicts the present generation and would enjoy a much higher standard of health, with the enjoyment of life which health brings.

To attain the new standard of health we need a new standard of diet which will provide a sufficient amount of all the food substances which the body needs to attain its full inherited capacity for health and physical fitness. Such a diet consists very largely of the "protective foods," such as milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fruit and vegetables.—Sir John Boyd Orr.

## UNEMPLOYMENT AND LUCK

IN the midst of all the unemployment that is vexing the world, the sin and the sorrow, the suffering, and the woe, so much of which could be eliminated or relieved by the right application of money, it is distressing to think of the terrible waste of money on games of chance.

Multitudes delight to follow this will-o-the-wisp of easy money, and delude themselves with the thought that "luck" will one day bring them fortune.

Gambling is an unmitigated curse, without one redeeming feature about it. For the man or woman in its toils it seems that there is nothing but the grace of God that can deliver them. While we deplore this evil we recognize at the same time the futility of trying to wipe it out by legislation alone. But what the law cannot do the Gospel can.—Evangelical Christian.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, APRIL 19, 1940.

# VISIONS OF UNITY

AS the war goes on it becomes increasingly evident that when it is over we shall live in a new world and that politically and socially we shall have to adapt ourselves to a new environment.

The political correspondent of the London 'Daily Mail' wrote the other day that plans are being worked out for a "permanent Anglo-French partnership which would make the two great empires so powerful a force for peace that no aggressor would dare to challenge it."

In many authoritative quarters "there has been talk even of a Franco-British Parliament to deal with large scale questions of mutual concern."

One hope is that "around the co-operation of Britain and France may grow something of a federal system—other nations gradually coming into partnership which would stand for law, order and the pursuit of peace."

Dr. F. Cyril James, principal of McGill University, dealt with the question in an address in Montreal.

He maintained that the experience of the last 20 years has proved that if a world of peace is to be created after the war, international problems must be solved by the establishment of some international order and not by national treaties.

Citing the collaboration of Great Britain and France since war was declared, Dr. James, as reported in the Montreal papers, declared that for the first time in the history of the modern world two sovereign states were uniting to form a single economic unit and the developments of the last three months had carried that integration further. "What we are seeing," he said, "is the formation of an Anglo-French nation, a complete innovation that points the way to the kind of international order that I have been suggesting."

Dr. James dealt with two of the many major problems that he said would face the post-war world, the position of government in the economic and social life of the country and the relation of one government to another.

### Democracy and Regulation

The important distinction between an autocracy and a democracy, Dr. James insisted, was not the mechanism but whether policy formation was a public responsibility.

"We must recognize clearly the right of the individual to criticize the government, to make up his own mind, to express his opinion through the ballot box and at all times to retain an awareness of what is going on," he said.

### "Isolation Impossible"

Turning to the international field, he remarked that the tradition was that a nation could do what it liked. The theory still existed but in practice nothing was further from the truth.

The United States had talked isolation and no nation in the world was more able to remain isolated. But in 1929 the failure of a comparatively obscure bank in Vienna had precipitated a crash in which one-third of the banks in the United States had been destroyed and millions of men had been thrown out of work.

"Isolation is impossible in a world of economic integration such as we find ourselves in today," said Dr. James.

Anticipating the objections of some that the sort of unity toward which Britain and France were moving would result in loss of national prestige or patriotism, Dr. James said that nothing could be further from the truth.

"Each of us who has lived in this province knows that national culture and identity is not a matter of sovereignty but of heritage," he declared. Co-ordination results not in diminution of cultural life but in augmentation. What endangers national life is not co-ordination but the maintenance of conditions that make war possible.

Doubters will say that such schemes of an international order are "visionary" but "without vision the people perish." There have been such visions before. They were embodied in the League of Nations. The League was a magnificnt idea and it did a great deal of fine work but it failed in its great purpose of preventing war, because statesmen persisted in "thinking nationally" instead of in terms of world statesmanship.

The nations are being forced to learn that the interest of one is the interest of all. The lesson must be learned either in the iron grasp of dictators or by free and voluntary association. Such association is being formed by Britain and France. To be really effective it must spread to embrace the world.

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# NORWAY— OUR NEW ALLY

NORWAY has been swept into the maelstrom of the war. The Scandinavian countries are among the most progressive in Europe and among the most peace-loving. But when a mad dog is at large he doesn't care whom he bites.

But "mad dog" is hardly the word. The trouble is that this madman is surrounded by followers of like mentality. Mr. Hitler made up his mind years ago that the northern nations should be taken under German "protection",—a similar protection to that accorded the Austrians, Czechs and Poles.

Holland, Belgium, France and Britain herself are also included in his benevolent intentions.

The overnight occupation of Denmark and landing at several Norwegian harbors by the Germans shows that their plans had been carefully laid some time before, and only needed a "wireless" from Berlin to put them into instant operation.

We should be proud to stand alongside the Norsemen for the liberties of Europe. The British and Norse races are very closely related. In old times wave after wave of Scandinavian invasion swept on to the British coasts. In numberless instances the northern Vikings settled where they landed and became one with the English population. In many parts of Britain one meets the old Norse type, fair hair, blue eyes, clear complexion, tall stature and love of adventure.

The Norseman of today has all the daring of his forefathers. He is a brave and skilful sailor and a true and loyal friend. We have many Norse settlers in Canada and it would be difficult to find finer people. (Cont'd on Page 16.)

# ROAD SAFETY

**These lines were sent by the Hon. R. W. D. Weaver to a new publication issued by the New South Wales Road Safety Council:—**

*IF everyone who drives a car could lie a month in bed,*
*With broken bones and stitched-up wounds, or fractures of the head*
*And there endure the agonies that many people do,*
*They'd never need preach safety any more to me or you.*

*If every one could stand beside the bed of some close friend,*
*And hear the doctor say "No hope" before that fatal end,*
*And see him there unconscious, never knowing what took place,*
*The laws and rules of traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace.*

*If every one could meet the wife and children left behind,*
*And step into the darkened home where once the sunlight shined,*
*And look upon "The Vacant Chair" where Daddy used to sit,*
*I'm sure each reckless driver would be forced to think a bit.*

*If every one would realize pedestrians on the street*
*Have just as much the right-of-way as those upon the seat,*
*And train their eyes for children who run recklessly at play,*
*This steady toll of human lives would drop from day to day.*

*If every one would check his car before he takes a trip*
*For tires worn, loose steering wheels and brakes that fail to grip,*
*And pay attention to his lights while driving roads at night,*
*Another score for safety could be chalked up in the fight.*

*If every one who drives a car would heed the danger signs*
*Placed by the highway engineers who also marked the lines*
*To keep the traffic in the lane and give it proper space,*
*The accidents we read about could not have taken place.*

*And last, if he who takes the wheel would say a little prayer,*
*And keep in mind those in the car depending on his care,*
*And make a vow and pledge himself to never take a chance,*
*The great crusade for safety then would suddenly advance.*

*—N. S. W. Presbyterian.*

## Man and Machinery

IN the days of Athens and Rome one miller could grind from one to one and a half barrels of flour a day. We are informed that in Minneapolis a machine in one mill has a capacity of 30.000 barrels a day.

In the shoe-making industry, we are informed, in Roman days one man produced a pair of shoes in five and a half days; today, with the aid of power machinery, one man in the same time can produce seventy pairs of shoes. The shoe-production capacity of the United States is 900,000,000 pairs a year.

The same conditions apply in the brick-making industry. For 5,000 years the highest production per individual was 450 bricks a day; today one machine can produce 400,000 bricks a day. The same statisticians inform us it is estimated that one hundred men in five plants situated strategically throughout the United States could supply the total brick requirements of the whole of that country.

Let me give a few similar facts with regard to the steel and iron industry. In 1900, it required seventy man-hours to produce one ton of steel; in 1929, the same amount could be produced in thirteen man-hours. The same trend is evident with respect to pig-iron. In 1879, 73.7 tons per man per year were produced; by 1929 the output per man had been raised to 1,710 tons per man per year.

In the automobile industry it required, in 1904, 1,291 man-hours to produce an automobile; in 1919, 313 man-hours; in 1929, only 92 man-hours.

We have also a few interesting figures with regard to agriculture. By the spade method one man can dig one-eighth of an acre in twelve hours; so that ninety-six man-hours are required to dig one acre. With a twenty-horse hitch and six fourteen-inch steel-bottom ploughs, twelve to fifteen acres a day can be plowed, representing .83 to .67 man-hours a day, a reduction from 96 hours to .67; and today, with a tractor drawing a 60-disc plough the number of man-hours per acre is reduced to .088. —W. F. Kuhl in Hansard.

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He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

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Events are God's evangelists, and the mixed providences of life the master-preachers of the world.

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Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather.—John Ruskin.

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"Patience and submission are very carefully to be distinguished from cowardice and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labor and exercise of diligence."

---

Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.—Proverbs.

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## NORWAY—

(Continued from Page 15.)

Norway today has a population of about 2,750,000. The people are democratic and hospitable. Norway's Government is a constitutional monarchy like that of Britain. Her King Haakon is of Danish descent but can trace his family back to the great King Harald Fair-hair who brought Norway under one king and one law about the time of our King Alfred. King Haakon is a good man and interested in all good causes. The Hon. C. J. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament, is also active in causes that make for the good of the world. At the Inter-Parliamentary Union which met at Oslo last August, he was one of the authors of a declaration that "The only authority which can command the respect of every nation is the authority which springs from the absolute moral standards—honesty and unselfishness."

**PENMANS LIMITED**

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 30th day of April, 1940 .

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of May to Shareholders of record of the 22nd day of April, 1940.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of May to Shareholders of record of the 6th day of May, 1940.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
April 8, 1940.